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# Newport Mercury.

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## Poetry.

For the Mercury.  
IN THE TWILIGHT.  
BY ELLEN.

An incident related by Prof. Alexander, in his observations on the eclipse.  
In the twilight in the darkness,  
As the shade came stealing on;  
Creeping slowly and blackly,  
Over the dim, discerned sun.  
As they watched in breathless silence  
From the cliffs of Labrador,  
Watched at noon the night on-coming,  
Over that lone and stony shore.  
In the twilight, in the darkness,  
Mid the icebergs and the snow,  
Woke a little song-child's warble  
As the last beams ceased to glow.  
Rise that strain amid the shadows,  
Rise up to the darkened sky,  
From the stern and rocky desert,  
Rise with quivering energy.  
Mid the stillness, mid the silence,  
To the waters on the height,  
Watching sweetly, till the shadow  
Passed across that disc of light,  
Came that song of hopeful patience,  
Came that song of happy lay,  
Like an echo from the welcome  
Waiting for them far away.  
In the twilight, in the darkness,  
When the shade of doubt and fear,  
Steals with stern, remorseless power,  
Over our sunshine once so clear.  
When night comes to joy's young morning,  
And we watch it creeping on,  
Never pausing, never halting,  
Till hope's latest beam is gone.  
In the silence, in the darkness,  
Heart of man, thy song may rise,  
All thy woe and doubt defying,  
Coming night and darkness skies,  
And to other hearts thy anthem,  
Quenchless energy shall bear,  
Nerve them for the lonely watching,  
Till life's twilight re-appear.

For the Mercury.  
WILL AND I.  
BY MRS. S. L. REED.

Will and I were young together,  
Birds and the forest wild;  
He was young and fearless ever,  
I was constant at his side.  
Dwelling 'neath an azure sky,  
Bright as summer sky could be,  
While the radiant sun on high  
Looked in love on him and me.  
We had never thought of care,  
Grief to us was all unknown,  
O, we were a happy pair,  
Dreaming of no brighter zone.  
When the flowers their sweet perfume  
Shed in every vale around,  
Will would sing a merry tune—  
Make the grand old woods resound.  
But a truant boy one day,  
Had as true a boy could be,  
Far from home and school away,  
Killed poor Will upon the tree.  
Will is dead—O, sad to tell,  
I am mid the boughs alone,  
Slowly peels the funeral knell,  
Swiftly speeds the fatal stone.

## Useful Hints.

To PRESERVE FRUIT.—Hereby I give you my experience in sealing up fruit, not only strawberries, but peaches, cherries, raspberries, pineapples, etc. For four seasons I have sealed up fruit with perfect success, without losing a single jar; and the flavor of each has been preserved as perfectly as possible, after going through the process of heating.  
I use self-sealing glass jars, and my method is this: I put my fruit into my porcelain preserving kettle, enough to fill two quart jars; sprinkle over it about one-quarter of a pound of sugar; place it over a slow fire, and let it very gradually heat through, not cooked. While the fruit is heating, I keep the jars filled with hot water till the fruit is ready, which of course prevents them from cracking. Fill up to the brim with hot fruit, and seal tight. As it cools, a sufficient vacuum is formed in the jar to prevent bursting.  
In this way fruit of every kind will retain its flavor. My strawberries taste precisely like those picked from the vines, sprinkled with sugar, and set away long enough to let the sugar melt. There is no mistake in preserving fresh fruit in this way. Sometimes a thick, leathery substance gathers on the top—if so, all the better.  
HARD BUTTER WITHOUT ICE.—To have delightfully hard butter in summer, without the use of the plan recommended by that excellent and useful publication, the Scientific American, is a good one. Put a tarter, or any open flat thing with legs, in a saucer; put on this tarter the plate of butter; fill the saucer with water; turn a common flower-pot under down over the butter, so that its edge shall be within the saucer and under the water; plug the flower-pot with a cork, then drench the flower-pot with water; set in a cool place until morning, or if done at breakfast the butter will be hard by supper time.  
BITES AND STINGS.—As it is now summer, it may be useful to remind our readers that an ounce phial of spirits of hartshorn should be considered one of the indispensable, as in case of being bitten or stung by any poisonous animal or insect, the immediate and free application of alkali as a wash to the part bitten or stung, gives instant, perfect and permanent relief, the bite of a small dog (we believe) not excepted; so will strong acids water.  
The strings of the guitar, though called "catgut," are really made from the intestines of sheep. It is said that the "purring pussy" makes all her music before she dies. Why this article should have been called "catgut" has puzzled antiquarians to find out.  
There is no reliable rule for determining the pressure of gas in main pipes, by the pressure at the station. The best way to ascertain the pressure at any part is by the gauge.  
The best method of removing the stains on jewelry, caused by soldering, is by polishing with "stous," in the usual manner.

## Selected Tale.

HOW GODFREY HORTON CHOSE A WIFE.  
BY MARY E. CLARKE.

'Godfrey, old boy,' said Henry Clayton, as he tilted back his chair and put his feet upon the mantle-piece, 'when is the wedding to be?'  
'Whose wedding?'  
'Miss Laura Somers, or Jenny, which is it?'  
'I do not know. I am sure.'  
'Now don't be mysterious, Godfrey; you know you are a constant visitor, and all our set are talking about the match. Don't pretend you have not selected one of the sisters.'  
'How do you know either of them will have me?'  
'Don't be absurd, old boy. You, young, handsome, talented, and with a large fortune, need not be over bashful. Come, be frank, which is the favorite sister?'  
'Well, frankly then, I cannot tell you. I have visited the family for several months as you know, but I cannot decide. Laura is certainly the handsomest, with her flashing eyes and queenly manner; but Jenny seems altogether the youngest, to be the most womanly and useful of the two. Yet I cannot be sure of that. My entrance is the signal for cordial welcome and smiles, and let me call at whatever hour I will, they are always well dressed, apparently disengaged. To be sure I always, in the morning, have to wait some time before Laura is visible.'  
'Pop in unexpectedly and notice the internal economy.'  
'How can I? A card at the door will put any lady on her guard, or even the notice of a gentleman visitor.'  
'Go there in disguise. As a washerwoman for instance.'  
'Good, I will!'  
'Go there as a washerwoman!' cried Clayton.  
'Not exactly, but I will obtain admittance to a morning's privacy.'  
Laura and Jenny Somers were the only children of a widower, who, although in moderate circumstances, moved in a very fashionable society. At the period of my short sketch, he was about to supply the place of the lamented Mrs. Somers, after nearly ten years mourning, and although a kind, indulgent parent, had no objection to his daughter's marriage, and indeed has told them so. Laura, whose high spirits resented the probable supremacy of a step-mother, had already selected Godfrey Horton as her future husband; and Jenny, who was younger and gentler in spirit, tried to conquer a carefully concealed preference for the same person. All his attentions were ascribed by her to brotherly regard, though every act of kindness or courtesy touched her very heart.  
It was the morning after a large ball, and the sisters were in the breakfast room together. Laura, her glossy hair pushed negligently off her face, with the rough, tumbled braids of last evening's coiffure gathered loosely into a comb; wearing a soiled wrapper, torn stockings, and presenting rather an alarming contrast to the brilliant ball-room bell, was lounging on a sofa. Jenny, in a neat morning dress with a large gingham apron, little white collar and hair smoothly brushed into a neat knot, was washing the breakfast dishes.  
'There is an old man at the door with some artificial flowers,' said the servant, opening the dining-room door, 'will you see him?'  
'No,' said Jenny.  
'Yes,' cried Laura, 'send him up.'  
The servant departed to obey the last order.  
In a few moments the old man came in. He was poorly clad, with a coarse blue cloak, which was much too large for him. His hair was white, and he wore a beard and moustache of the same snowy hue. Making a low bow, he placed the large basket he carried on the table, and opened it.  
'I have a bunch of blue flowers, here,' he said, taking them from a basket, 'that will just suit your golden hair, Miss; and he held them before Jenny.  
'It was my sister who wished to look at the flowers,' said Jenny, quietly.  
'Yes, bring them here,' was Laura's imperious command.  
The old man's eyes followed Jenny, as she washed, wiped and put away the dishes, swept the room and dusted it and then sat down by Laura, who was still looking over the flowers.  
'See, Jenny, this scarlet bunch. Will it not be lovely with a few dark leaves to wear with my new silk?'  
'But,' whispered Jenny, 'you can't afford it just now.'  
'Yes, I can. Father gave me some money yesterday.'  
'To pay the last dry goods bill.'  
'Well, I can have that to carry to my private account.'  
'Oh, Laura, Laura, I hate to hear you talk of that private account. It seems so much like cheating father.'  
'Nonsense. It will stand till I am married, and then I can easily save it out of my housekeeping money.'

## Scrap of Wisdom.

Scolding and swearing never did anybody good. It hurts the child, it hurts the parents; it is evil, and only evil; everywhere and always.  
He is the best accountant who can count up his own errors.  
The best way to expand the chest is to have a large heart inside.  
Vicious pursuits may yield a few scattered pleasures, but piety and virtue will make our whole life happy.  
He that cares only for himself, has but few pleasures, and those of the lowest order.  
It is very rare to find ground that produces nothing; if it is not covered with flowers, with fruit trees and grains, it produces briars and thorns. It is the same with man; if he is not virtuous, he becomes vicious.  
Men, like books, at their beginning and end, leave blank leaves—infancy and gray-haired old age.  
Samba, am you posted in the natural sciences?  
Oh course I is, sartingly.  
Then can you tell me the cause ob de great blight in potatoes for the last ten years?  
O, dat's easy enough. It's all owing to the rot fater y motion ob de earth.  
Each moment makes the deader, as the prudent husband said to his extravagant wife.  
A dandy in Broadway, wishing to be witty, accosted the old bell-man as follows:  
'You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?'  
'Yes, jump in.'  
I am for the philosophy that fits us for the world, not that which teaches us to abandon it.—Trensiue.

## Miscellaneous.

MICHELIMACKINAC,  
OR, ISLAND OF MACKINAC, MICHIGAN.

The Indians, from the earliest time, have always regarded this Island with awe and veneration; and, in connection with giving the derivation of it, I will also lay before the reader, some of the original causes why they viewed it with those feelings.  
The derivation of the name, Michilimackinac, ancient and modern writers in alluding to it, have erroneously stated that it was derived from the Indian word or name for Great Turtle, which is *Me-sho-ne-mock-e-nung-gong*. The writers above alluded to, were mostly ignorant of the Indian dialect, and a few may have been superficially acquainted with it; hence, the error.  
This word until lately was never investigated; the error as received from old Indian traders, illiterate French and Indian interpreters, who never traced or were incompetent to investigate the origin or root of the word, was received as fact.  
The Indians do not use the above word in speaking of this Island, but they use the word *Me-sho-ne-mock-e-nung-gong*; which means Island of Great, or giant Fairies.—Indian Mythology relates that three brothers of giant Fairies in olden times occupied different Islands in this section of country, viz: The eldest occupied Me-sho-ne-mock-e-nung-gong (Island of Mackinac), the second, Tim-au-kin-ange, in Lake Michigan, now called Pottawittome Island; the third, Pe-quah-bick-ong, an Island situated in Lake Huron, near the South-eastern into Georgian Bay.  
The pagan Indians to this day, look upon them with awe and respect, and in passing to and fro by their shores, still offer tobacco to propitiate the good will of the Giant Fairies.  
Tradition further reports, that the present Garrison Gate overlooks the spot, where in olden times an entrance existed to the subterranean abode of these great or Giant Fairies. This knowledge was obtained from an Indian Cheesecake, or Spirituist, who once encamped within the limits of the present Garrison Garden, which was a beautiful maple grove, formed of majestic rock-maple, similar to those which now grace the base of the garrison hill. He stated, that sometime during the night, after he had fallen asleep, a Fairy, or Spirit, touched him and motioned him to follow; his spirit or soul immediately left his body, and followed his unearthly guide, who led to an entrance directly below the present Fort Gate; he was conducted into a beautiful wigwam or dome of vast dimensions, which was illuminated with a bright unearthly light, the brilliancy of which was increased by reflecting upon a thousand stalactites and crystals of calcareous spar.—at the far end of the dome, on a seat of brilliant rock, sat one, who appeared to be the leader of the Giant Fairies; diverging from him right and left with the form of the amphitheatre, sat numerous fairies of Spirits in solemn convolve, (the subject was the future fate of the Indian); the Indian Cheesecake stood lost in utter astonishment while witnessing the unearthly sight; after an interval, the Chief Fairy directed that the Indian soul or spirit should be led back to its body, directing him, if asked, to state the fact of their existence, but not to divulge what he had heard; which the Cheesecake faithfully kept to his dying day.  
Another proof of our subject matter is the following: An old Indian Chief, upon leaving Mackinac, to visit his friends in Lake Superior, thus soliloquized, as the darkness dimly shadowed forth the dark outlines of the Island, 'Me-sho-ne-mock-e-nung-gong; thou Isle of the deep, clear watered Lake, how pleasant to the deep of the transparent waters that surrounds thee! how soothing it is, from amidst the curling smoke of my Ojsew gun, (Pipe,) as seated on the deck of the fire-vessel—to trace thy deep, blue outlines in the distance, and to call from memory's tablets the stories and traditions connected with thy sacred and mystic character! how sacred the veneration with which thou has been once clothed by our Indian sears of gone by days!—how pleasant for the mind to contemplate, as I now present, the time when the Great Spirit allowed a peaceful stillness to hang around thee, when only light and balmy winds, were permitted to pass over thee, hardly ruffling thy mirror-like surface of thy deep waters! Nothing then, disturbed thy quiet and deep solitude, but the chirping of the birds, the quivering rustling of the leaves of the silvered barked birch, and the trembling whisperings of the leaves of the aspen. It was then, also, by evening twilight, the rustling sound of the Giant Fairies was heard, as they with rapid step and giddy whirl, danced to the strains of sweet, unearthly music, on thy limestone basements.  
It was then, that the untutored mind of the Indian was led, by the mystery that

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1775.  
From the Newport Mercury Oct. 9th.  
Newport, October 9th.

By the motions of some of the men-of-war and transports in the harbor last Monday, it was suspected they intended to take off live stock from the farms on the south part of the island, called Brenton's Neck, the ensuing night; whereupon a number of persons went down in the evening and brought off about one thousand sheep and between forty and fifty head of horned cattle from several farms. But there still remained a considerable number of cattle, sheep and hogs on two farms belonging to Jahleel and Joseph Brenton, a great part of which it is supposed were by them there collected for and sold to the men-of-war, to be sent to Boston for the express purpose of supplying our inveterate enemies. The next day the ships took off from said Brenton's farms about twenty five head of cattle and one hundred and fifty sheep; on Wednesday they took five or six more cattle. There being still left on the farms of James, Jahleel and Benjamin Brenton, between sixty and seventy head of cattle.—On Wednesday and Thursday morning about three hundred minute-men arrived from the county of Providence, Tiverton and Little Compton, under the command of Cols. Esack Hopkins and William Richmond Esqrs., and as soon as they had refreshed themselves, they marched off to the Neck and brought off sixty-six horned cattle, some sheep, hogs, and poultry, the ships at the same time lying within gunshot, and discharged several cannon at them but without effect.  
This town having been threatened to be fired on from the men-of-war, in account of the armed force which made its appearance here, a great many of the inhabitants moved part or all their effects out; and many families have left the town. The carts, chaises, riding chairs and trucks were almost blocked up with them.—Thursday and Friday being rainy and muddy the poor women and children were much exposed in looking out for some place of safety; the people continued moving out very fast all Saturday and yesterday, with their effects.  
It is almost impossible to conceive what infamous, rascally, tricks have been made use of, to distress this town, by the abandoned set of ministerial tools here.  
The ships in this harbor, last week seized several vessels loaded with wood, from Long Island, which vessels we are well assured, had Capt. Wallace's permission to fetch wood for the supply of the town!  
From the Mercury of Oct. 16th.  
Early last Sunday morning one Coggeshall being somewhat drunk or crazy, went on the Long wharf, and turned up his—toward the bomb brig in the harbor, using some insulting words; upon which the brig fired two 4-pound shot at him, one of which went through the roof of Mr. Hammond's store on the said wharf, and lodged in Mr. Samuel Johnston's distillery, within the N. E. part of the Cove, house at the Long Wharf. The man was soon after taken up and sent out of town.  
The General Assembly granted £200.00 for the support or removal of the poor of the town.  
Contributions were made for the relief of Newport, in the city of Philadelphia, and in the towns of Portsmouth and Middletown.  
Newport, Nov. 27.  
Yesterday morning arrived from Boston, the Swan sloop-of-war, Capt. Ayscough, with a large armed schooner, a small armed sloop, and a large transport sloop. Soon after these vessels arrived, some officers and men came ashore at the Long Wharf, with several instruments and took a survey of this harbor.  
'Besides the above vessels, there are now in this harbor, the Rose, Glasgow, a bomb-brig of ten or twelve guns, an armed schooner, and two small armed sloops.'—Making in all ten ships.  
The officers of the King's ships at Newport still continued to cut timber on Gould Island, with which to repair their vessels; we mention this only to show that the island was timbered at that time.  
The people of Newport still continued to emigrate to the main until late in the fall.  
On the 15th of November, Charles Dudley, Esq., Collector of the Customs for the port of Rhode Island, fled for refuge on board the sloop Rose, sloop of war at Newport.  
In October the town of Newport appointed a committee to request the General Assembly to grant relief to the poor of the town.  
From the Providence Gazette, Dec. 16th.  
Sunday morning last about one o'clock the bomb-brig, a schooner and two or three armed sloops, left the harbor of Newport and landed about two hundred marines, sailors and negroes, at the ferry on the east side of Conanicut, from whence they immediately marched in three divisions to

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1775.  
From the Boston Transcript.

That Box.—The Springfield Republican says, that the Treasurer of Amherst College has received from Mr. David Sears a small, carefully sealed box, not to be opened, for one hundred years, on pain of a forfeiture of the gift, which it contains. I am very sorry, that Mr. Sears has done this thing; for it has had a most distressing effect upon my Aunt Moody. The painful curiosity, excited by Mr. Irving's stout gentleman, was a mere trifle, compared with the effect, produced by this confounded box, upon my poor aunt. I am really afraid she may die of it, unless Mr. Sears will just tell her, in strict confidence, what that box contains. It shall go no farther than to her particular friends, the Miss Tibbittses; so nobody will know it, of course.  
You may not be unwilling, Mr. Editor, to know what various opinions were expressed, upon this interesting subject, by my Aunt Moody's visitors, who took tea with her, a few evenings since. 'Is your box agreeable,' said my Aunt to Miss Simpkins—'Your tea I mean; how forgetful I am; but I cannot get that box out of my head; I'm dying to know what's in it.' 'So am I Miss Moody,' said Miss Simpkins; 'I reckon it must be an oratorio, or some such philosophical instrument.' 'I think you are mistaken,' said Miss Judkins; 'it's a small box, I think you told me, Miss Bingham.' Bingham? said old Madam Popkin, who is very deaf, 'did you say it was a Hingham box?' 'Oh Lord, no ma'am,' said Miss Judkins, 'it is a small box, carefully sealed up, with the Sears arms.' 'I wonder if it is very heavy,' said my aunt, 'for, if it is, you may be sure it's full of gold.' 'Ladies,' said my uncle Prouty, 'you are quite wrong. Do you suppose Mr. Sears would put a box of gold up in Amherst College, and lose the interest for a hundred years?' 'Why then, for mercy's sake, didn't he put it in the Savings bank?' said Miss Pinkham. 'Put what in the savings bank?' said Mr. Prouty, losing his temper, 'you don't know what's in the box. Some folks suppose it's an offer to Amherst College of a part of the back bay lands, if they'll remove the college down here; others suspect the box contains a dissertation on the thirty-nine articles.' 'Well said my Aunt Moody. 'It seems to me to be treating the college like a child, and giving it a penny box, not to be opened till it comes of age. I don't see, for the life on me, what right Mr. Sears has to keep us all on tenterhooks, for a hundred years; and I'm sure I shall have no peace of mind until I know what's in that box.' 'I'm thinking,' said Mrs. Partington, who had just stepped in, 'that the only sure way to get at the truth, and open that box at once, would be to apply to the Supreme Court, for an injunction.' 'Nonsense!' said Uncle Prouty; 'Mr. Sears has a right to try the patience of the trustees and faculty at Amherst, as long as he pleases; and if their curiosity gets the better of their discretion, then they will forfeit the gift, whatever it may be.' 'Gracious me,' cried Mrs. Partington, 'I wouldn't for the whole infernal world, be one of them professors to open that box; why, it may be an eternal machine, and distinguish the professors in an instant.' 'Ladies,' said Uncle Prouty, 'if you will only listen, I think I can explain this mystery. I have no doubt, that this box contains something of value; and that it is neither gold nor silver, nor bank notes. It is a gift, perhaps, of wild lands—so very wild, that one hundred years must pass, before they will be ripe for the market, at any price. The donation may be coupled with a requirement, for the erection of a Sears professorship; or with such peculiar conditions, as to prevent its acceptance, by the college. The views of the donor are very far reaching, certainly; and it is not unlikely, that the avails of the sale of the property are to accumulate, for a few hundred years more, before their final application. In the meanwhile, the Devil may be let loose, for a thousand years: the box may be broken open, or stolen, consumed, in a conflagration of the college buildings.' 'Just what I expected,' said Miss Pinkham; 'now, in the name o' natur, why couldn't Mr. Sears have made a handsome present to the college, at once, without all this fuss and mystery, of a sealed box and a hundred years?' 'The reasons, Mrs. Pinkham, said Uncle Prouty, 'may be easily stated.—Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth.—this maxim of holy writ is enough for any christian philanthropist. A modest giver naturally shrinks from notoriety. He cannot endure, without much mental suffering, the public exhibition of his munificence. Colleges especially, have a way of acknowledging these obligations which is rendered the less odious only by its frequent repetition. Boucher and Jackson were made doctors of laws, who knew no more of laws than a couple of ball dogs. Not many years ago a chronological gentleman received the degree of LL.D. from Harvard. No little amusement was produced by this dispensation. I asked an intimate friend of the favored party on what ground Mr. — had been thus distinguished.—'Why,' said he, 'Mr. — has discovered that a clan, travels last first.' Now Mr. Sears has shown excellent judgement on this occasion. Had he made this donation openly and at once, and given a very handsome present to Amherst College, we can see nothing in the way to have prevented the infliction of a degree of doctor of laws, which Mr. Sears has ingeniously prevented, we suppose, for one hundred years.' My Aunt Moody professed herself in no way satisfied with this explanation; and declared that she should have no peace, till she knew the contents of that box.  
ADRIAN.

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From the Boston Transcript.

That Box.—The Springfield Republican says, that the Treasurer of Amherst College has received from Mr. David Sears a small, carefully sealed box, not to be opened, for one hundred years, on pain of a forfeiture of the gift, which it contains. I am very sorry, that Mr. Sears has done this thing; for it has had a most distressing effect upon my Aunt Moody. The painful curiosity, excited by Mr. Irving's stout gentleman, was a mere trifle, compared with the effect, produced by this confounded box, upon my poor aunt. I am really afraid she may die of it, unless Mr. Sears will just tell her, in strict confidence, what that box contains. It shall go no farther than to her particular friends, the Miss Tibbittses; so nobody will know it, of course.  
You may not be unwilling, Mr. Editor, to know what various opinions were expressed, upon this interesting subject, by my Aunt Moody's visitors, who took tea with her, a few evenings since. 'Is your box agreeable,' said my Aunt to Miss Simpkins—'Your tea I mean; how forgetful I am; but I cannot get that box out of my head; I'm dying to know what's in it.' 'So am I Miss Moody,' said Miss Simpkins; 'I reckon it must be an oratorio, or some such philosophical instrument.' 'I think you are mistaken,' said Miss Judkins; 'it's a small box, I think you told me, Miss Bingham.' Bingham? said old Madam Popkin, who is very deaf, 'did you say it was a Hingham box?' 'Oh Lord, no ma'am,' said Miss Judkins, 'it is a small box, carefully sealed up, with the Sears arms.' 'I wonder if it is very heavy,' said my aunt, 'for, if it is, you may be sure it's full of gold.' 'Ladies,' said my uncle Prouty, 'you are quite wrong. Do you suppose Mr. Sears would put a box of gold up in Amherst College, and lose the interest for a hundred years?' 'Why then, for mercy's sake, didn't he put it in the Savings bank?' said Miss Pinkham. 'Put what in the savings bank?' said Mr. Prouty, losing his temper, 'you don't know what's in the box. Some folks suppose it's an offer to Amherst College of a part of the back bay lands, if they'll remove the college down here; others suspect the box contains a dissertation on the thirty-nine articles.' 'Well said my Aunt Moody. 'It seems to me to be treating the college like a child, and giving it a penny box, not to be opened till it comes of age. I don't see, for the life on me, what right Mr. Sears has to keep us all on tenterhooks, for a hundred years; and I'm sure I shall have no peace of mind until I know what's in that box.' 'I'm thinking,' said Mrs. Partington, who had just stepped in, 'that the only sure way to get at the truth, and open that box at once, would be to apply to the Supreme Court, for an injunction.' 'Nonsense!' said Uncle Prouty; 'Mr. Sears has a right to try the patience of the trustees and faculty at Amherst, as long as he pleases; and if their curiosity gets the better of their discretion, then they will forfeit the gift, whatever it may be.' 'Gracious me,' cried Mrs. Partington, 'I wouldn't for the whole infernal world, be one of them professors to open that box; why, it may be an eternal machine, and distinguish the professors in an instant.' 'Ladies,' said Uncle Prouty, 'if you will only listen, I think I can explain this mystery. I have no doubt, that this box contains something of value; and that it is neither gold nor silver, nor bank notes. It is a gift, perhaps, of wild lands—so very wild, that one hundred years must pass, before they will be ripe for the market, at any price. The donation may be coupled with a requirement, for the erection of a Sears professorship; or with such peculiar conditions, as to prevent its acceptance, by the college. The views of the donor are very far reaching, certainly; and it is not unlikely, that the avails of the sale of the property are to accumulate, for a few hundred years more, before their final application. In the meanwhile, the Devil may be let loose, for a thousand years: the box may be broken open, or stolen, consumed, in a conflagration of the college buildings.' 'Just what I expected,' said Miss Pinkham; 'now, in the name o' natur, why couldn't Mr. Sears have made a handsome present to the college, at once, without all this fuss and mystery, of a sealed box and a hundred years?' 'The reasons, Mrs. Pinkham, said Uncle Prouty, 'may be easily stated.—Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth.—this maxim of holy writ is enough for any christian philanthropist. A modest giver naturally shrinks from notoriety. He cannot endure, without much mental suffering, the public exhibition of his munificence. Colleges especially, have a way of acknowledging these obligations which is rendered the less odious only by its frequent repetition. Boucher and Jackson were made doctors of laws, who knew no more of laws than a couple of ball dogs. Not many years ago a chronological gentleman received the degree of LL.D. from Harvard. No little amusement was produced by this dispensation. I asked an intimate friend of the favored party on what ground Mr. — had been thus distinguished.—'Why,' said he, 'Mr. — has discovered that a clan, travels last first.' Now Mr. Sears has shown excellent judgement on this occasion. Had he made this donation openly and at once, and given a very handsome present to Amherst College, we can see nothing in the way to have prevented the infliction of a degree of doctor of laws, which Mr. Sears has ingeniously prevented, we suppose, for one hundred years.' My Aunt Moody professed herself in no way satisfied with this explanation; and declared that she should have no peace, till she knew the contents of that box.  
ADRIAN.





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